Charlevoix County Herald

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EAST JORDAN, - - MICHIGAN

SOME THINGS TO PONDER

Much of Our Hurrying Is Needless—Don't Hold a Watch on Your Movements.

Just as an experiment, see how far you can walk in five minutes. It will convince you that a lot of your hurrying is needless.

Many of us let slip a thousand opportunities by waiting for inspiration, forgetting that idleness is not inspiring. "Inspiration comes to him who works."

Don't be afarid to give compliments. Overdelicacy in this respect is a social handicap and a cause of much needless lack of popularity, with consequent depression and timidity.

If you are in the habit of looking at your watch every few minutes to see what speed you are making, better discard the watch. You will save ever so much strain and actually suffer no loss of time.

Is it wise for sensitive natures to expose themselves to tragical plays and harrowing novels? They pay for the experience by suffering a ghastly nervous exhaustion out of all proportion to the temporary thrill.

Are you one of the people who hop up nervously when the train is nearing the station, and stand until it stops? You think you are saving a lot of time, whereas in reality a car empties in three quarters of a minute.

You have heard of "the total depravity of inanimate objects." They are not depraved. We blame them for our own folly—as when we pile dishes in reckless heaps that are doomed to tip over, or pour hot sauce into cut glass, or go into a dark room without trying to remember where the furniture is.

Why are people so aware of their sensitiveness to the color of furniture and wall paper, and so blind to the effect of the color of artificial light on the feelings? Really, a mellow light and an agreeable lampshade go far toward making the evening restful and cheerful and cozy. Crude illumination is irritating.

The quickest way to cure "blues" is to identify them. If you look back a little and discover that your woe has no reasonable cause, and that you "just feel like feeling so," you know that the condition is physical. That knowledge puts you on the road to recovery, for the physical condition begins to improve as soon as you find there is nothing worse the matter.—Woman's Home Companion.

Gluck Not a Courtier.

Gluck, the composer, was not of the sort of men of whom courtiers are made. One day he attended at the court at Vienna a concert at which the Emperor Joseph II and one of his archdukes sang a fragment from one of Gluck's compositions. Naturally enough, the imperial artists glanced at the composer to see how he was impressed by the honor they were doing him. They were shocked to observe that he was making a series of grimaces. The emperor stopped and inquired whether he and the archduke were not singing the bit according to Gluck's idea of how it should be done. "My idea!" exclaimed Gluck. "Why, sire, I am the poorest walker in the world, but I would vastly rather take a walk of six leagues than be forced to hear a composition of my own interpreted in such a way as that." Joseph II was brave enough to take no notice of the criticism, but the court was quite convinced that if such a reproach had been addressed to the Czar Nicholas the composer would have prosecuted his musical studies from that time forth under the unfavorable surroundings of the Siberian mines.

Hopeless Case.

Midnight, and in the smoking-room of the club sat a young man huddled in a chair. A friend entered. "Hallo, Smith," he asked cheerily, "not going home yet?" "No," muttered the despairing one. "I—I daren't." "Why, what's the matter?" "Matter? It's the end of everything! It means ruin, grief and spoiled life!" The friend looked frightened. "Here, Smith, tell me what's up. Perhaps I can help you." Smith clenched his fists till the knuckles showed white. "No one can help me," he cried in agony; "I have come to the end of all things! At eight o'clock I telephoned to my wife, and gave her a perfectly good excuse for not coming straight home, and"—his voice sank to a whisper—"I've forgotten what I said!"

Renounce the Silk Hat.

London reports that the fashion of wearing silk hats is dying there. This extraordinary variety of head covering was known in Florence toward the end of the eighteenth century, but its growth in popularity did not begin until 1825, when its manufacture was begun in France.

Paid by the Beneficiaries.

"A more deserving medical man than our friend Richard does not exist. He very frequently accepts no fees from his patients."

Mr. B.—You don't say so.

Mr. A.—He generally settles with the heirs.—Tit-Bits.

Learn From Censure.

If anyone speak ill of thee, consider whether he hath truth on his side; and if so, return thyself, that his censures may not affect thee.—Epictetus.

Business Chances

Must Have Distinct Service Value to Public

By GRAHAM WOOD

SOME of the brainiest business men in America assure us that the human element is entering more and more into the business affairs of the world. They tell us that the days of cutthroat competition are already gone, and that they will never return; that the question of service value is obtruding itself so persistently that it is impossible that it should much longer be disregarded.

It is not necessary that one should be a very close student in order to find positive evidence that such a change is taking place. In a word, we are getting to the point where we are willing to assert with all the force of public opinion that the old rule, "Enough is enough," applies to one class of people quite as much as to another.

Ten or fifteen years ago men ran their business affairs as if the general public had no rights in the matter. The sole inspiration for business was the accumulation of earnings from which to declare dividends, and any apparent desire on the part of the people to penetrate beneath the surface of things was promptly checkmated. "The public be damned" was the rule in many offices that had nothing to do with railway management.

Today there is still a certain amount of this spirit, but it is rapidly being eliminated. The judicial and legislative investigations of big business enterprises have shown man that he cannot ride roughshod over his fellows forever. As a result, the better days are already dawning. As George W. Perkins suggests, the time has come when the "only kind of a trust that can live is one that makes money for its stockholders by manufacturing a commodity that the people need for a less price than they were able to get it for before."

This is but another way of saying that service value is beginning to be an important factor in the commercial world, and, fortunately, the term "service value" does not apply to one class alone. It is not sufficient that a business should be of value to its owners. It must also have a distinct service value to the community, or it is destined to go into the discard.

Growth of Snobbery in This Country

By CHARLES JAMES
New York

Those of us who are of Anglo-Saxon origin or descent are pretty sure to be snobs, whatever we may think. But we cannot help it; it is in the blood.

There is nothing strikes an Englishman or American traveling in Latin countries more than the easy familiarity which exists among the people. It is true there is class distinction, but this does not make for haughtiness on the one hand or servility on the other. This was also the case among the Gaelic peoples until they fell under the influence of the Anglo-Saxon, or probably it would be more correct to say the Anglo-Norman. This man with his hard feudalistic spirit, knowing nothing of or caring nothing for sympathy, much less brotherhood, as between man and man, believing only in conquest and dominion, upon him the fugus of snobbery grew apace.

Every one of us today who humiliates a man because he is poor or insignificant or toadies to another because he is rich or powerful is imitating the Anglo-Norman.

Beyond any question of doubt snobbery is a large and flourishing growth in this country. But it is somewhat differentiated from the English species. There in general "blood" is the object of worship; here it is more apt to be money. We have, it is true, our devotees of "blood" too, but they are not quite sure of themselves.

Of course there are many degrees of snobbery and it is to be found in the kitchen as well as in the parlor.

How to eradicate it? Ah, I wish I could tell. I fear satire will never do it. For do we not know that Thackeray's great work, "The Book of Snobs," was written in vain?

Long Law Courses are Urged

By L. N. BLUMENTHAL

There has recently been much discussion in regard to prolonging the preliminary courses of study for the various professions, notably the legal vocation.

Brilliant paragraphs have been penned by distinguished attorneys. These writers must have undoubtedly admired their theories; but how many have attentively considered the injustice these sentiments would cause if executed?

Elaborate schedules have been proposed, suggesting so many hours for lectures, so many hours for study and so forth, but naught has been said about the poor student who is forced to spend his few hours of recreation laboriously and zealously accumulating a knowledge of the finer technicalities of law. What about them?

If this theory were put in practice it would with one bold strike obliterate opportunity and ambition.

Attorneys who have attended night school should consider the struggling student and remember all they themselves have endured.

Let us all bear in mind that talent may be stimulated by study, but it cannot be manufactured.

School System Stifles Minds of Young

By Prof. Boris Sidis, Harvard University

The goody-goody schoolma'am, the mandarin-schoolmaster, the philistine-pedagogue, the pedant-administrator with his business capacities, have proved themselves incompetent to deal with the education of the young.

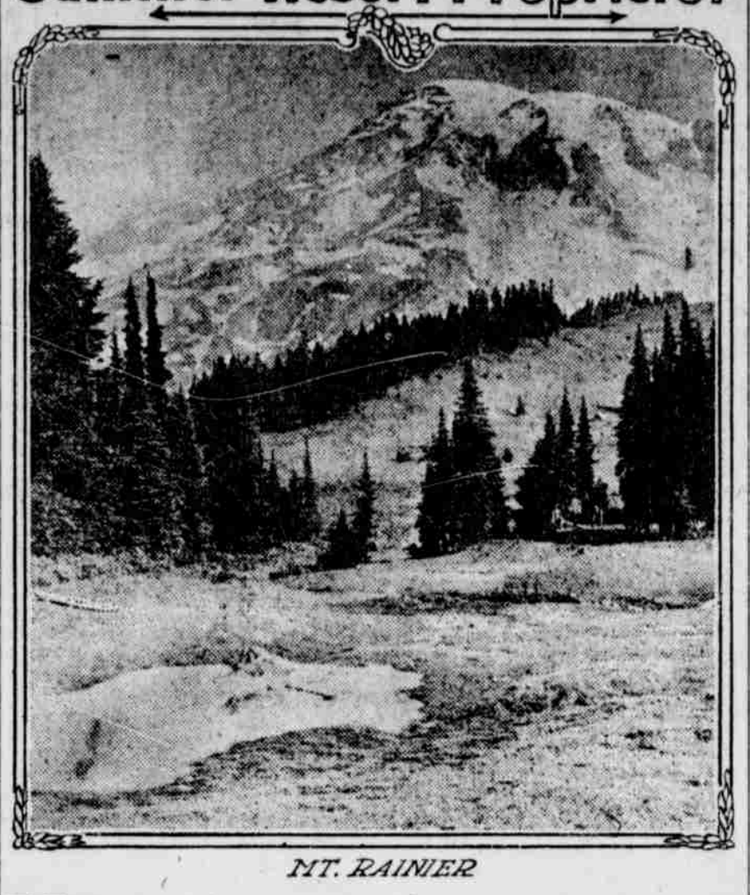
They stifle talent, they stupefy the intellect, they paralyze the will, they suppress genius, they benumb the faculties of our children.

The educator, with his pseudo-scientific, pseudo-psychological, pseudagogics, can only bring up a set of philistines with firm, set habits—marionettes, dolls.

We school and drill our children and youth in schoolma'am mannerism, schoolmaster mind-ankylosis, school-superintendent stiff-joint ceremonialism, factory regulations and office discipline.

Originality is suppressed, individuality is crushed. Mediocrity is at a premium.

UNCLE SAM Summer Resort Proprietor



MT. RAINIER

UNCLE SAM is the greatest summer resort proprietor in the world. The national parks that belong to the United States and are for the enjoyment of the people have a combined area almost half as great as that of Switzerland. Within their boundaries may be found every attraction that Switzerland has to offer and many other scenic marvels such as no other country in the world affords. There are giant glaciers, snow-capped mountains that are as hard to climb as Mont Blanc or the Matterhorn, great forests, lakes and mighty rivers, waterfalls more than twice as high as the Metropolitan tower, geysers that spout a thousand feet in air, huge caverns in which a city might be hid, big trees that were forest monarchs before the Pyramids were planned, titanic chasms—the list of attractions in Uncle Sam's summer resorts is endless. Many of them are unique.

Many of these national playgrounds are in the empire of the west. The greatest of them are easy of access. Year by year the number of those that can be reached by the railway or by the trolley is growing. A generation or so from now, when the United States west of the Missouri is more thickly populated, these breathing spots will occupy the same relation to the country at large that Central, Bronx and Van Cortland parks and the other open spaces in New York bear to the metropolis. They will be summer recreation grounds to which millions will flock. They are so large that for centuries to come they are not likely to be overcrowded.

The Yosemite National park, in California, is 150 miles from San Francisco as the crow flies. It is not possible as yet to trolley thither from the Golden Gate, but it may be within the next few years. Already a stage line leading to its boundary has been paralleled by an electric railroad. The Yosemite park is in the heart of the Sierra Nevada mountains. Originally it was fifteen miles in length and "one mile back from the main edge of the precipice on each side of the valley," but the park in its entirety now covers a domain thirty-six by forty-eight miles.

Like Vast Hall.

Crossing the threshold of the great valley of the Yosemite is like stepping into some vast house or hall carved out of the mountain. One passes suddenly into a tranquil, restful region that is enhanced by the power and grandeur that encompasses it. The picture of sunny glades and falls of lucid water is set in an enormous granite frame three or four thousand feet high, ornamented with domes and spires and peaks that are still higher. The Grand Canyon of the Yosemite is a sublimity of a different order. Coming from the petrified forest with its trunks of thousands of gigantic trees or tree ferns that grew millions of years ago, one gazes down upon something that is unlike anything ever known upon the earth. It seems like a vision of some strange, colossal city carved out of granite that has been uncovered from the depth of geologic time. There is a wilderness of temple-like forms and monumental remains, alcoves and amphitheaters and noble architectural profiles that delight while they bewilder the eye. Countless waterfalls flutter like lace against the granite walls.

The first leap of the falls of the Yosemite is 1,600 feet, more than twice the distance of the gilded dome of the Metropolitan tower from the earth below. The next leap is 400 feet and the last 600. At the bottom the water falls in spray like an endless summer shower. Imagine the Hudson river emptied of its water for seven or eight miles from its mouth and deepened 3,000 feet or more. Then fancy the sides nearly vertical, with snow-white waterfalls fluttering against them here and there, granite rocks in spires and domes planted along the rim, and a landscape of groves and glades with still, clear winding water at the bottom and you will have as adequate a conception of the Yosemite as it is possible to get without seeing it.

Several thousand persons camp in this enchanted valley every summer. Its floor is nearly level—not a chaos of fallen rocks. More than 3,000 acres are meadows and pasture. Trees and groves make it a natural park. Stage lines and an electric line run from the terminus of the railroad and there are stage lines through the park. The tourist season is from May 1 to November 1, but the park is accessible and hotels are open throughout the year.

There is an electric road which leads to the Sequoia National park, near Yosemite. Here is the home of the big trees, although they are found in a continuous belt nearly 300 miles long, from Placer county to Kern county in California. These big trees are the greatest of living things and date back to the youth of the world. Some of them are believed to be 8,000 years old. They antedate the oldest civilization of which the archaeologist finds any trace. They were forest giants before Moses or Confucius or Buddha were born. Barring accident and catastrophe, they appear to be immortal. There is no evidence that they ever die of disease, decay or old age. Some of them are dead at the top, but they were blasted by lightning and the trunks are still as sound as ever.

Rainier Central Gem.

Rainier National park, of which Mount Tacoma is the central gem, lies about seventy miles southeast of Tacoma, and contains nearly 400 square miles. It was set apart by the government on account of its marvelous scenery and magnificent forests. Other world-famed mountains must be viewed from afar as cold, inaccessible peaks, but the traveler may explore every part of Mount Tacoma with comparative comfort and ease. Wherever he goes its snow-crowned head, towering nearly 15,000 feet above sea level, stands before him. It may be ascended to its very crater, into which the climber may retreat from chilly winds and have the exciting experience of comfortably sleeping on a warm lava bed in the mouth of a slumbering volcano.

The journey from Tacoma may be made for a few dollars, and with no extra preparation. It is only a day's trip to go, see the sights and return. An automobile line runs from Tacoma to the park during the summer. The tourist season is from the middle of June to the middle of Setpember. In the autumn the splendid snows that cover the summit of Mount Rainier descend lower and lower until they cover the foothills at its base. What Fujiyama is to the Japanese, Mount Rainier is to the people of the far northwest. Its giant mountain dome of snow seems suspended in the sky and dominates the region for miles about.

The Yellowstone National park is the largest of all these playgrounds of the people. It is nearly 3,500 square miles in area, and is in Wyoming, Montana and Idaho. Around it are mountain ranges with peaks 14,000 feet high, and within it are exhibitions of nature's freaks and moods such as no other land contains. They are absolutely indescribable.

The other national parks are the General Grant, in California, near the big trees; Wind Cave National park in South Dakota, which may be reached by private conveyances from Hot Springs, or from Custer; Sully's Hill park, North Dakota, on the shore of Devil's lake; Platt National park, at Sulphur, Okla., and the Hot Springs reservation in Arkansas, which is in the town of the same name.

Quality That Leads to Happiness.

Who is the happiest of men? He who values the merits of others, and in their pleasure takes joy, even as though it were his own.—Goethe.

FORTY PLUNGE INTO A BURIAL TRENCH

Eight Hundred Pressed to See the Coffin Lowered and Planking Gave Way.

SEVERAL BADLY HURT

Many of the Victims Were Extricated by Friends and Carried away in Funeral Carriages Before Hospital Ambulances Reach Scene.

New York.—Giuseppi Monoco, who served twenty-five years in the United States navy and from 1898 until his death the other day had been a manufacturer of uniforms at No. 117 Navy street, Brooklyn, was buried in Greenwood cemetery with imposing honors. Behind the ten-horse hearse which bore his body followed 150 carriages in which rode 600 relatives and members of 40 fraternal societies to which he belonged.

Graves at Greenwood cemetery are dug five at a time. In reality the practice is to dig one trench 20 feet long, seven feet broad and 12 feet deep in which five bodies may be buried. Only enough of the trench is left open to receive one casket, the rest being covered by planking supported by wooden pillars.

When Superintendent William Grassau of the cemetery saw the Monoco procession approaching the gate he feared that the crush around the grave might spread to the planking. If it did he had a notion that a serious accident might result. He halted the procession long enough to warn Nicola Piro, the undertaker, that he must keep the crowd back. Then, to make doubly sure, the superintendent dispatched five special policemen for duty about the grave.

The crowd was kept well back from the grave without much difficulty until the burial ritual had been completed. Then, as the casket was being lowered, men and women alike began to press closer and closer, in an effort to get one glimpse more, until those in the front ranks had been forced onto the planking which covered four-fifths of the big trench.

The Planking Gave Way.

A moment later the planking gave way and forty of the mourners were plunged headlong down upon the casket, and into the wreck of the timbers that had protected the other graves. Their shrieks spread among the others, and the disorder that ensued was not quelled until reserves from the Fourth and Fifth avenue police stations had been called out on the run.

At the same time calls were sent for the ambulances from the Methodist, Episcopal and Norwegian hospitals. Before they could reach the cemetery, however, the struggling men and women in the graves had been extricated, bundled into carriages and driven hurriedly away.

Several of the mourners were seriously injured.

Woman to Be Auctioneeer.

New York.—To Mrs. Eli Sobel will come the distinction of being the first female auctioneer ever appointed in this state. Mrs. Sobel, who is the widow of a well-known auctioneer, wrote to Mayor Gaynor asking him for a license to continue her husband's business. He found there was no ordinance which prohibits a woman from presiding over the auction block.

He accordingly dictated a letter to Mrs. Sobel, informing her that so far as he was concerned she could auction off anything she pleased in competition with the male of the species.

He added, however, that she would first have to go down to the city clerk's office and pay a $100 fee for an auctioneer's license, and also leave a bond of $2,000, which is required by the statutes.

Wants Salary Reduced.

Columbus, O.—Clarence Walker, official reporter of the constitutional convention, asked the convention to reduce his salary from $60 a day, as the clean-up work after the body adjourns would be worth less.